

Daily Democrat.

TERMS OF DAILY DEMOCRAT TO THE COUNTRY.

One Year.....\$5 00
Six Months.....3 00
Three Months.....1 50
One Month.....50
No advance taken for less than one month.

LOCAL AGENTS WANTED.

We desire to procure the services of a local agent in every Southern District in the State. We offer friendship, and prompt service of some efficient person in our interest. Believing that the circulation of the Democrat may be materially extended, we make this appeal to our friends in the South.

182 We publish this morning, in detail, on account of the treatment a Union man received from a Federal Colonel whilst his regiment was encamped near this city. The subject of this treatment is an old citizen of this country, and there is no more loyal man in it; and he is none the less so notwithstanding the infamous conduct of a Colonel who disgraces the service of the United States by trampling State laws under foot. It is time it was understood that such conduct in this State must cease. Kentucky will not surrender the Federal Government whilst she has any power left; but she is equally resolved to support her own laws and Constitution. That is the duty of every loyal man. The Governor is sworn to support the Constitution of this State, and that instrument makes it his duty to see that the laws of the State are faithfully executed. It is true that forbearance is necessary to avoid collisions between the State and Federal authorities, and Kentucky and her citizens have exercised this forbearance as fully as could be demanded of her; and we can inform those who come here to steal negroes, under the pretext of putting down the rebellion, that they are not done with trouble on this score.

There is no military necessity to be invoked here, no law to render such conduct, and nothing but power will save the guilty. It is not the purpose of the Federal Government to protect such conduct in this Commonwealth.

In the confusion and pressure of business in this city, some time ago, when these transactions took place, the guilty escaped, and one of our citizens had to suffer by the loss of his servants, but law and order will yet prevail, and the execution of the laws. Enslaving negroes away, and forcing them away, has been a practice in this Commonwealth. The excuse is often made that the owner was Seesh. No excuse at all that. To assume guilt upon rumor, as an excuse to commit depredations, would be convenient for every rogue in the State.

These slaves ought to be returned to the owner, and the ill conduct rebuked by the military themselves. It is due to the State that such wrongs be rectified. Laws are not to be supported by overlooking law.

George N. Sanders, it is said, has brought encouraging news from England to his friends in Richmond. George is the veritable, reliable man so much is said about. He once brought us better news from the Southern Confederacy, when he came to Montgomery, than he can now bring from England. He is one of the men who seems to deceive himself more than other people. He conceives vast projects, and nurses them with great assiduity, and gets on just far enough to fail.

He is the worst failure we know of, and seems to be aware of it, as if he were born one; for however he may be defeated, he never seems disappointed, but is only more ready to engage in something else. He is, moreover, the policy man par excellence. His faith is in policy. He would ride the solar system by some scheme or plan. He will persuade part of the Government at Richmond to hold out for the help to come from England; but it will fail—fail, for Sanders has put his fingers in it, and he is sure to fail.

He put in for the old man of Wheeland, and seemed to succeed; for Buchanan was nominated and elected President of the United States. But it all turned out the most signal failure George ever made. He has one merit valuable to himself. He will turn up again somewhere.

It was thought, when he made his way from Nashville about, that he would not recover, for he was in a dilapidated condition; but he has been to London. How he got there has been explained, and it shows the resources of his genius; but how he got back and got to Richmond is yet a mystery. We hope he will send us an account of his adventures, that we may publish them in the Democrat for his old friends to read. Let him do this, quit Seesh and quit policy, and maybe the Lord will forgive him if man doesn't.

Greenley, of the Tribune, didn't promise nine hundred thousand troops for a war on slavery. He promised three times three hundred thousand. It was a mere rhetorical number, and might be more or less. So far it is composed of a single drafted man, and he pleads conscience against hearing arms.

There is to be no more nichol distilled from grain in Virginia, so orders Governor Letcher. That will be the worst blow the rebels have got yet. Whisky was indispensable to the start of Secession.

If the State of Massachusetts can stand the election of Charles Sumner to the Senate, other States can. She will be represented by a learned divine, which is worse than a learned pig.

If the radicals want to know the influence that best them, let them read the private letters written by the soldiers to their friends at home. These have wrought many conversions.

The Boston Post says the Queen of Naples is more of a man than her husband.

TREASON IN FAYETTE COUNTY, KY.—At the special November term of the Fayette Circuit Court, which closed its labors on Saturday week, two hundred and fifteen indictments were brought in by the Grand Jury, two hundred and eight of which were for treason.

A COSTLY NOTE.—Martin Ryan, of Webster, New York, for casting an illegal vote, has been fined one hundred dollars and costs.

"COME UNTO ME."

(For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.)

All those weary, weary souls—

And they come hither to hear?

Is this pathway all unexplored?

Is there no light to guide them?

Where no flow'rs ever grew?

But covered, all the long year?

With the pure, white, freezing snow?

Weary souls, "Come unto Me!"

How the desert gleams before them,

Bathed in golden light!

Does the river valley wander?

For some with beauty rich?

Does the path long-unguarded water,

And in vain, craves cooling streams?

Wondering, wondering, where to go?

Thirsting souls, "Come unto Me!"

Doth man wander, and die weary?

Friendless and unloved—alone?

Doth he wander, and die weary?

No loved hand to guide him on?

Is his heart forever longing?

For some kindly word or smile?

Which shall comfort him in his loneliness?

As those journeying souls—

Friendless—then, "Come unto Me!"

Doth man wander, and die weary?

Friendless and unloved—alone?

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General Kirk's Kind, courteous

(For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.)

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THE SOLDIER TO HIS MOTHER.

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